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Childrens Holidays : A P O E M

For CHRISTMAS, EASTER, and
WHITSUNTIDE :

Written for the Amusement and Instruc-
tion of all the GOOD Masters and
Misses in the known World.

To which is added, in Prose, a particular
Account of those three happy Festivals ;
never before printed, and now extracted
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By TOMMY TELL-TRUTH, B. A.

Adorned with Copper-Plate CUTS.

*Here Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide,
Is shewn at once—the School-boy's Pride ;
You'll find the Book is quite complete,
At TURPIN's sold—in St. John's Street.*

London : Printed for H. TURPIN, No. 104,
St. John's Street, West Smithfield.

[Price Bound SIX PENCE]

744

396

614

Donald G. Butler Esq.
March 28 1940

Childrens Holidays :

A

P O E M.

I.

THE spring, the summer, autumn
gone,

Each pleasing prospect past ;

What storms and tempests then appear,

With many a dreary blast !

A 2

H

II.

All leafless, then, alas! each tree
In every grove is seen ;
No warbling songsters now are heard,
To harmonize the scene.

III.

But snow on every mountain's brow,
All cheerless to the sight ;
Each pond in icy fetters bound,
And cover'd o'er with white.

IV.

To man the seasons may compare ;
The spring is infancy,
When sports and inoffensive toys,
Are seen in every eye.

V.

By summer is our youth exprest,
 To manhood drawing on ;
 Then love, and all its sighs and tears,
 Employ the mind alone.

VI.

By autumn you may see our prime,
 Is evident exprest ;
 When family concerns you find,
 Preside in every breast.

VII.

When frost bespangles all the plain,
 Then halting age appears ;
 And winter, with his dreary train,
 But shews us our grey hairs.

VIII.

In spring, in summer, autumn, try
 To cultivate the mind ;
 The benefits that flow from thence,
 In winter you will find.

IX.

And now around the blazing hearth,
 The family repairs ;
 The joke goes round, the simple tale,
 To hush, or ease their cares,

X.

The bellman with his verse is heard ;
 How awful is the sound !
 Each Saint is told of ancient time,
 And now with glory crown'd.

XI. Tho'

XI.

Tho' plain and simple is the rhyme,
 Yet virtuous is the lay :
 Ye youths oft con the moral strain,
 And happy shall you be,

XII.

Each parent, now, with anxious heart,
 Thinks on the absent boy ;
 When far at school, their youthful time
 In learning they employ,

XIII.

The child, to see the time draw nigh,
 The jocund time of year ;
 When Christmas brings them holidays,
 And plenty of good cheer.

XIV.

At length the happy time arrives ;
 The happy, long-wish'd day ;
 Each lad looks round with joyous eyes,
 At thoughts of Christmas-play.

XV.

The Services are dealt about,
 The master with them stands ;
 And every boy attentive seems,
 To hear his kind commands.

XVI.

Mark well, says he, what now I say,—
 Be merry, and be wise ;
 Be careful in whate'er you do,
 To bless your parents eyes.

XVII. Let

XVII.

Let no false toys your minds delude,
 Your book remember still;
 Avoid the idle, faunt'ring race;
 For sloth's a cruel ill.

XVIII.

The task I've set, observe with care;
 And when you come again,
 In all your transports I shall share,
 Nor shall my hopes be vain.

XIX.

So shall you prove my care of you,
 My duty and intent;
 So shall you prove your parents' joy,
 And crown them with content.

XX.

As different lads, go different ways,
 With tears almost they part ;
 Each shakes his fellow by the hand,
 With nature's honest heart.

XXI.

Friendship's the balm of human life,
 Our chieftest good below ;
 May this in every breast increase,
 As upwards still they grow.

XXII.

And when the time to meet again
 Returns, may each fond breast
 His fellow clasp, with heart sincere,
 And friendly each be blest.

XXIII. And

XXIII.

And now the coach goes whirling on,
 And see, the servants wait,
 With joyful parents at the door,
 Or round the op'ning gate.

XXIV.

Each parent views the darling child ;
 And anxious seems to trace
 The features formerly they knew,
 In every other's face.

XXV.

The tender kiss, the soft embrace,
 Goes mutually around ;
 They jump, they toy, and every one,
 Bids joy and mirth abound.

XXVI.

Ye Lords and Dukes, or greater things,
 Ye noble, and ye wise ;
 Leave, for a while, your graver sports,
 For these before your eyes.

XXVII.

See how they romp and jump about,
 Behold their simple toys ;
 Behold, and if you can for once,
 Be virtuous as these boys.

XXVIII.

How pleasing is their various sports !
 How eager they pursue
 Tops, marbles, just as fancy calls,
 And points to something new !

XXIX. The

XXIX.

The wide hall echoes with the noise,
 Yet pleasing is the sound,
 When skittles, by the well-aim'd bowl,
 Now rattle on the ground,

XXX.

Whlie some at hoop or blind-man's-buff
 Will pass the time away ;
 And the pleas'd parents stand around,
 To view the childrens play.

XXXI.

The little misses, too, are seen
 With dolls, and female toys ;
 For 'tis a hoid'ning silly way,
 To share the sport with boys.

XXXII. No

XXXII.

No care have they for other things;
 No hatred, anger, strife;
 This is the happiest hour of fate,
 The happiest hour of life.

XXXIII.

Oh! may each hour of life be such;
 As innocent and gay:
 May virtue glow in every heart,
 To crown each coming day.

XXXIV.

The day once o'er, to bed they go,
 And sleep, devoid of care;
 If dreams disturb, 'tis for next day,
 What pleasures they shall share.

XXXV. Soon

XXXV.

Soon as Aurora shews the day,
 They rise with great delight;
 They urge the ball across the plain,
 Then hey! for sports at night.

XXXVI.

Each trick is try'd for frisk and fun,
 Each stratagem pursued;
 And various gambols go around,
 All innocent and good.

XXXVII.

Now in a ring, behold they sit,
 Their pastime still in view;
 Then questions and commands are found
 And hunt the slipper too.

XXXVIII. Poor

XXXVIII.

Poor Kitty falls, and breaks her face,
 Oh ! terrible disaster ;
 But this is mended in a trice,
 By help of sticking plaister.

XXXIX.

But Kitty, pray, in time take heed,
 Beware you fall no more ;
 For if you fall when woman grown,
 You'll fall to rise no more.

XL.

I mean, if once your virtue falls,
 For that's your only jewel,
 Advised in the youthful fair,
 Be cautious how you do ill.

XLI. Before

XLI.

Before you act observe to think,
 Be modest,—banish pride ;
 Let virtue reign within your breast,
 And all your actions guide.

XLII.

The old year gone, the new one come,
 And all is mirth again ;
 The joyful farmer looks elate,
 His looks his mind explain.

XLIII.

They jest, they laugh, and romp about,
 Enquire of this and that ;
 Of Dobbin, and the old grey mare,
 Of Cæsar, or the cat.

XLIV. The

XLIV.

The presents, see, of various sorts,
 To master and to miss ;
 One shakes the hand with hearty glee,
 And t'other gives a kiss.

XLV.

May, as the day returns again,
 Such pleasures still abound ;
 And every one as blith and gay,
 For many years be found.

XLVI.

Still innocent, and still as gay,
 As pleasing, and as free ;
 No other thoughts their minds employ,
 But love and unity,

XLVII. Each

XLVII.

Each bosom glad with honest heart,
 Their wishes all sincere ;
 From morn to morn, from day to day,
 Their eyes ne'er knew a tear.

XLVIII.

In all their sports of every kind,
 O ! be it sport alone ;
 For should they be too fond of play,
 They'll make their parents mourn.

XLIX.

If o'er the frosty path they go,
 And urge the rapid race ;
 May health attend them in their play,
 To brighten every face.

L.

Or if the ice-bound pool invites
 To skate, or slide away ;
 Beware the rest who come behind,
 Or trip you up they may.

LI.

So in life's various race you'll find,
 Tho' smooth you seem to slide ;
 You quickly may be jostled down,
 By vanity or pride.

LII.

Beware ye youths, beware of both ;
 For pride's a horrid sin ;
 And soon you'll find it grow apace,
 If vanity begin.

LIII. How

LIII.

How many dreadful scenes are shewn,
 Examples not a few,
 The woeful havock, pride has made,
 Indeed is nothing new.

LIV.

The world's great master Cæsar fell,
 Alone by fatal pride;
 And Philip's warlike son the same,
 And many more besides.

LV.

And you ye youthful blooming fair,
 Ne'er let your bosoms glow
 With vanity, ne'er fill your heads,
 Or empty pomp and shew.

LVI. Tho'

LVI.

Tho' charming you to every eye,
 And dear to every breast ;
 Yet mind you act with prudence, when
 By coxcombs you're address'd.

LVII.

Let not their flattering arts prevail,
 Or touch your tender heart ;
 For every fool, you'll find it true,
 Will act a villain's part.

LVIII.

Let arts, that still the mind employ,
 Be constant in your thought ;
 And then you'll give your parents joy,
 And do as good girls ought.

LIX.

To dance, to sing, to act with ease,
 Are parts of education,
 And such will each beholder please,
 When suited to your station.

LX.

Yet more essential things than these,
 In riper years you'll find ;
 Should, if you rightly understand,
 Employ your early mind.

LXI.

The book, the needle, and the pen,
 And all domestic life ;
 For necessary these you'll find,
 To make a frugal wife.

LXII. Tho'

LXII.

Tho' fortune now may speak you kind,
 And all your hopes stand fair;
 Yet the vicissitudes of life,
 You possibly may share.

LXIII.

Then when the clouds of indigence
 Surround the throbbing heart;
 With mind elate you'll thank the powers,
 You learned each frugal art.

LXIV.

However pleasing be your air,
 However good your mind;
 Yet if misfortune you beset,
 But little good you'll find.

LXV. So

LXV.

Then treasure this within your breast,
 Now e'er it be too late ;
 Thus shall you, in your early youth,
 Anticipate your fate.

LXVI.

So shall your life, with peace be blest,
 In youth, as well as age ;
 So shall the rays of pure content,
 Attend your evening stage.

LXVII.

But stop, my muse, the moral lay,
 And tune a sprightly strain ;
 Twelfth-Day, behold approaches near,
 And with a jovial train.

LXVIII.

Free as the day, behold they rise,
 And as the air, as light ;
 Yet every one with anxious heart,
 Still wishes for the night.

LXIX.

Then they expect the hall to ring,
 The glorious cake to view ;
 The sports of various sorts begin,
 The sports, and sorrows too.

LXX.

For hurly-burly all the day,
 From this thing unto that,
 Thomas, has fly mischief done,
 Against the cook, so fat.

LXXI. The

LXXI.

The cook, she strait begins to pout,
 And thinks it is amiss ;
 But John, her sweetheart soon comes in,
 And sooths her with a kiss.

LXXII.

The lads, they too must have their game
 And laugh at what is done ;
 And who can say they are to blame,
 'Tis all but Christmas fun.

LXXIII.

The lesser youths they twirl the hoop,
 Or gambol on the green ;
 At length the shades of night appear,
 To usher in the scene.

LXXIV.

The supper o'er, the cakes brought forth,
 So pleasing to them all ;
 With flags and streamers it appears,
 Within the spacious hall.

LXXV.

And first the tickets are made out,
 With many a merry name ;
 One is called this, another that,
 To aid the jovial game.

LXXVI.

Now all the busy hands are try'd,
 In fortune's wishing cap ;
 Yet ne'er a one at present knows,
 What luck to him may hap.

LXXVII. One

LXXVII.

One chuses king, another knave,
 Another jade or slut ;
 One laughs, and t'other sulks, alas !
 At what his fortune's cut.

LXXVIII.

But above all that can be shewn,
 In this fantastick scene,
 Is that the greasy cook should find,
 Her ticket prove the queen.

LXXIX.

When Kings and Princes go to war,
 What havock they do make ;
 They cut and hack it all about,
 The world is but a cake.

LXXX.

The fighting peasant views his crop,
 By hostile arms o'er run ;
 And all his pains, and all his care,
 Are instantly undone.

LXXXI.

Ah! cease ye great, ah! sheath your
 sword,
 Your spoils for pity cease ;
 Think of the suff'rings that you cause,
 And let the world have peace.

LXXXII.

And now the sports at last are o'er,
 The holidays are done ;
 To school each youth must go again,
 Adieu to Christmas fun.

LXXXIII. With

LXXXIII.

With aching heart, each takes his leave;
 And posts away amain;
 They wish and sigh for joy and sport,
 'Till Easter comes again.

LXXXIV.

Then hey! again, for breaking up;
 Mirth brightens up each eye;
 And now my arduous task is done,
 My little friends good bye.

LXXXV.

Again the friendly muse appears,
 Again displays her skill;
 And to your wishes, gives her aid,
 With joy and true good-will.

LXXXVI.

While round the desk, each boy is sat,
 His learning to improve ;
 Prudence and Wisdom does appear,
 To guide them with their love.

LXXXVII.

Now wide extends the youthful mind,
 By sacred science taught ;
 And all the great extended page,
 Corrects and guides each thought.

LXXXVIII.

Ah ! happy childhood ! happy time !
 How innocently gay ;
 When o'er the versed task you smile,
 And crown the pleasing day.

LXXXIX. Tho

LXXXIX.

Tho' yet the dreary prospect's seen,
 And wint'ry storms abound,
 Yet health awaits each active boy,
 Who roams the hills around.

XC.

Tho' leafless trees, no pleasure shew,
 The stream glides cold along;
 Soon shall the sun's reviving beams,
 Give rapture to each song.

XCI.

Then shall each youth more chearful be,
 And hail the coming year;
 Each bird invite, each flowret gay,
 In all its pride appear.

XCII.

But Shrove-tide bids the clownish train,
 In aukward gambols join;
 Yet pray, to throw at cocks, my dear,
 So cruel never join.

XCIII.

From whence it comes, this barb'rous
 There's few I think can say; [sport
 To hurt a harmless fowl indeed,
 Can never be call'd play.

XCIV.

When Peter did his LORD deny,
 The cock was heard to crow;
 Yet that's no reason that you should,
 At him direct the blow.

XCV. All

XCV.

All inoffensive was his voice,
 No harm from him could rise ;
 No ;—'twas ordained so above,
 By him who rules the skies.

XCVI.

The cock with chearful notes awakes,
 The shepherd in the morn ;
 True as the clock, his herd around,
 To hail the coming dawn.

XCVII.

But now what solemn days are found,
 How serious to the view ;
 Lent comes ;—when in the wilderiness,
 CHRIST fasted long for you.

XCVIII.

He wept, he pray'd, he sigh'd, implor'd,
 Nor wept nor pray'd in vain ;
 For by his suff'ring on the cross,
 He banish'd all your pain.

XCIX.

Deceitful foes his ways beset,
 A Judas him betray'd ;
 Caught in the snare, he must submit,
 A snare was for him laid !

C.

The dread tribunal is decreed,
 He dies upon the cross ;
 Rejoice, oh earth !—that thus he dy'd,
 You live but from his loss.

CI.

This day GOOD FRIDAY yet is call'd,
 When wide resounds each cry ;
 Crofs bun, all hot, come out with speed,
 Make hafte, and come and buy.

CII.

The crofs that feals this holy bun,
 Keep ftill within your mind ;
 That from that thought, when you fhall
 Salvation you may find. [die,

CIII.

Thus learning and religion too,
 Shall make you good and wife ;
 And thro' each varied fcene on earth,
 More pure you may arife.

CIV. But

CIV.

But now behold the jocund spring,
 Leads on her happy train ;
 When buds adorn each spreading tree,
 And flowrets grace the plain.

CV.

The primrose trembles on the bank,
 The violet near is seen ;
 The cowslip mingles round about,
 Among the fertile green.

CVI.

The lambkin gambols o'er the mead,
 The shepherd in the dale ;
 With mirth and music, join the dance,
 Or tell the happy tale.

CVII. And

CVII.

And many a youth, and many a maid,
 With innocence, are gay ;
 Within the straw thatch'd cot are blest'd,
 To pass the time away.

CVIII.

Old Joan and Derby seek the door,
 And seat them on the grass ;
 Once more well pleas'd to view the spring
 How sweet the moments pass.

CIX.

High soars the lark, to meet the sun,
 Sweet warbling thro' the skies ;
 So should each little boy and girl,
 In goodness still arise.

CX. The

CX.

The wood-lark whistles thro' the grove,
 The linnet joins his lay ;
 The black-bird sounds his notes aloft,
 All nature round is gay.

CXI.

While thus the prospect does appear,
 Delightfully and fine ;
 Think that the spring is like to youth,
 To goodness thus incline.

CXII.

Rise with the lark, to hail thy God,
 'Tis him each blessing gives ;
 Thro' his benevolence and love,
 It is each mortal lives.

CXIII. But

CXIII.

But Easter now draws on a-pace,
 A very pleasant time ;
 And mark'd with a distinguish'd note,
 By many a holy rhyme.

CXIV.

The LORD was crucified, and dead,
 Descended into hell ;
 And there for three days he remain'd,
 As his Apostles tell.

CXV.

But then again the LAMB arose,
 And did to heaven ascend ;
 That with his father he might prove,
 Each fallen mortal's friend.

CXVI. Raise

CXVI.

Raise then your voice to him on high,
 To him each praise afford ;
 He is our only hope below,
 Our great and mighty LORD.

CXVII.

To crown this happy festival,
 Each school-boy now is free ;
 With cakes and ale, each one is gay,
 And all is mirth and glee.

CXVIII.

Home to their parents they return,
 Their friends, relations too ;
 When each his task as gladly shews,
 To prove what he can do.

CXIX. The

CXIX.

The taylor brings the new-made suit,
 All pleasing to behold ;
 And if that Jackey has been good,
 His hat is laced with gold.

CXX.

Then mamma gives the tender kiss,
 And hugs her darling boy ;
 The father views his comely face,
 And smiles parental joy.

CXXI.

The tender look, the soft reply,
 The smile that gives delight ;
 The fancied toy, the gilded book,
 Gives rapture to the sight.

CXXII. From

CXXII.

From all around enquiries come,
 Pray how does master Billy ;
 But if he has not learn'd his book,
 Indeed he'll look but silly.

CXXIII.

'Tis learning which must make you wise
 To learning then attend ;
 You'll find in time it is your best,
 Your chief and only friend.

CXXV.

Now round about the town they go,
 Each pleasing sight to see ;
 From this to that, now here now there,
 And all to pleasure thee.

CXXVI. Then

CXXVI.

Then, fir, you muſt ſuch kindneſs prize,
 Your friends and parents love;
 Who to oblige you, try ſo much,
 Their tenderneſs to prove.

CXXVII.

Good eating is at Eaſter found,
 With pies and roaſt meat rare;
 And every little boy who's good,
 Will ſurely have his ſhare.

CXXVIII.

Thus having put the Eaſter o'er,
 To ſchool you muſt away;
 To ſtudy wiſdom's book again,
 Then come another day.

CXXIX. O'er

CXXIX.

O'er hill, o'er dale, along the road,
 The coachman drives along ;
 The merry warblers tune the lay,
 Each school boy joins the song.

CXXX.

And now again at school they're found,
 Intent their book to learn ;
 From whence they will much knowledge
 And every truth discern. [find

CXXXI.

Sweet is the murmur of the school,
 The conning lesson sweet ;
 Sweet is the face of ev'ry child.
 In goodness that's compleat.

CXXXII. The

CXXXII.

The morn that bids the lark arise,
And hail the God of day;
Bids them alike their lids uncloze,
To study and to pray.

CXXXIII.

The master views his harmless band,
And deals instructions round;
And tell me where can be a task,
That's more delightful found.

CXXXIV.

Thus on they go from day to day,
And ev'ry day improve;
In wisdom as they thus increase,
They win each person's love.

CXXXV. Thus

CXXXV.

Thus roll the infant years away,
 E'er cares the mind invade,
 And the long train of human woe,
 Is to their sight display'd.

CXXXVI.

The hoop that rolls along the plain,
 The ball that flies with speed;
 The whirling top, or little taw,
 Their pleasure is decreed.

CXXXVII.

Each inoffensive sport and play,
 Brings rapture unaloy'd;
 And every day, and every night,
 Fills up the happy void.

CXXXVIII. But

CXXXVIII.

But when to man's estate they rise,
 How chang'd, alas ! the scene ;
 The passion urge them to the gore,
 And horrors intervene.

CXXXIX.

Along the tide of life they steer,
 While billows round them roar ;
 Without an oar to guide their way,
 Or help them to the shore.

CXL.

Love, tyrant of the human breast,
 Sends forth the venom'd dart ;
 And with a pleasing pain at once,
 Invades the tender heart.

CXLI.

Mad Jealousy, is seen to rise,
 All frantic,—then despair ;
 Surrounds at once, the victim's head,
 Keen hate, and trembling fear,

CXLII.

But why should we anticipate
 The ills as yet unseen ;
 Ah ! let the sportive children play,
 Along the level green.

CXLIII.

And once again let us pursue,
 The little joys they prize ;
 Bring forth the holidays again,
 Which brightens up their eyes.

CXLIV. Yes,

CXLIV.

Yes, Whitfuntide is coming on,
 To give each heart delight;
 The coach shall call them to away,
 And every joy excite.

CXLV.

Huzza ! my boys, to town you go,
 Your parents blyth to view;
 Joy gives delight to all-around,
 To have a sight of you.

CXLVI.

Now bright Pomona shews her sweets,
 Behold where they expand;
 Currants and goofberries are seen,
 To tempt each buyer's hand.

CXLVII.

The cherry plump and juicy too,
 Is likewise to be found ;
 You'll hear them cried thro' ev'ry street
 Black hearts all round and found.

CXLVIII.

But let us trace the scented mead,
 Where all are blyth and gay ;
 You'll find it a delicious treat,
 To smell the new mow'd hay.

CXLIX.

But what is Whifun-tide you'll say,
 What meaning does it bear ;
 The question I must grant is right,
 And what you now shall hear.

CL.

It was that sacred time we're told,
 When cloven tongues appear'd ;
 And o'er each bless'd apostle's head,
 Their sacred influence rear'd.

CLI.

In every tongue it bad them speak,
 To every nation round ;
 And murm'ring strangers wonder'd all,
 To hear the solemn sound.

CLII.

Then let us hail the sacred day,
 With decent joy and mirth ;
 Since Heaven has given his mercy so,
 To bless the Son of earth.

CLIII.

Thus Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntid,
 To you I have fully shewn;
 Now all the joy is thus display'd,
 You all may make your own.

CLIV.

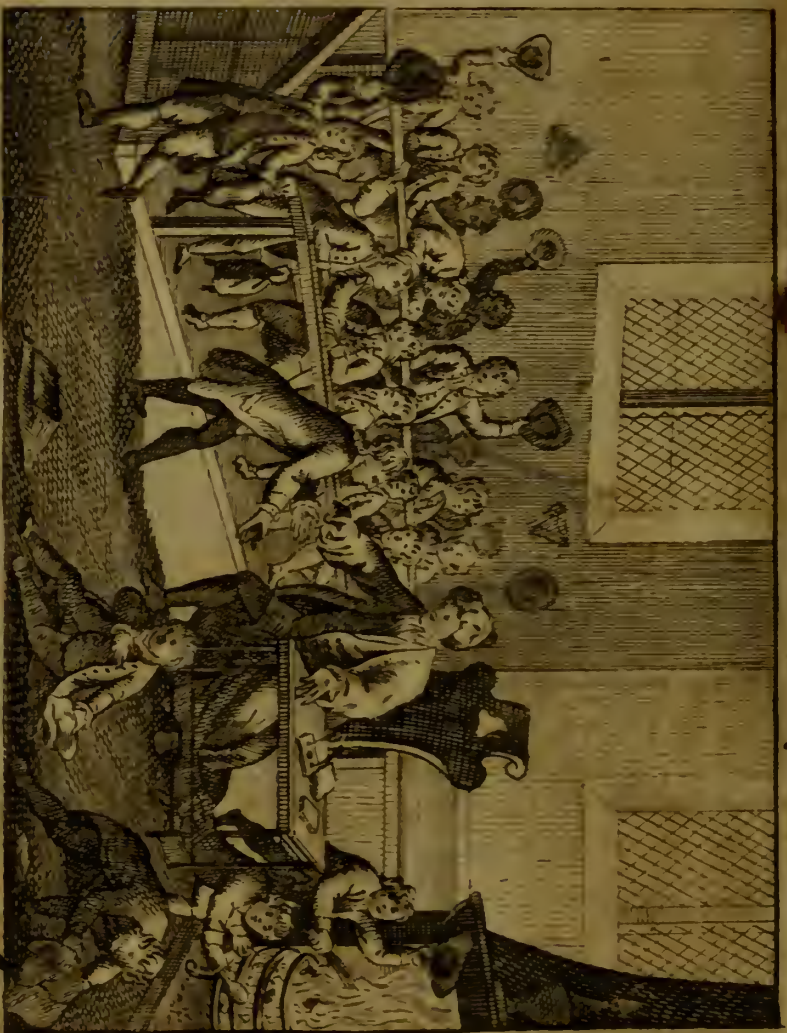
Farewell, my little friends farewell,
 I now must bid adieu;
 Perhaps when Christmas comes again,
 My theme I may renew.



Miss Bamford

Dear Sir

Yours truly
H. Knolly



Breaking up at Christmas.

Published at the Adel streets. by J. T. Turpin June 3. 1779.

REMARKS ON

CHRISTMAS Holidays.

IT wanted but a few days to this great and solemn festival, when the little society of young gentlemen belonging to a country boarding school, received the joyful tidings of breaking up.—This was agreeable news indeed, and not one but what felt his heart jump for joy at the signal.

For every one must allow that young people ought to have some relaxation from study, in order to make them fonder of learning, when they come to it again, and they that are good

C 4

ought

ought to meet with every indulgence; and such children as are placed at school, some miles from London, should have some opportunities of seeing their parents and friends, to partake with them some amusements which are customary at Christmas.

After breaking up day was over, which had afforded them much mirth, in the various sports and plays that youth delight in, and every little gentleman had received his piece, which he had written against the time, they waited in expectation of being sent for to their respective homes.

Master Billy Good-boy, asked his little friend, master Tommy Tell-truth, what Christmas was? I will tell you, said

said Tommy, as well as I can.—“It is the day on which our Blessed Lord and Saviour was born, to save us from our sins.—And his birth was told to some shepherds who were feeding their flocks ;—who with great joy left their sheep, and were led by a star that appeared in the east, which went before them, till it came over against the manger where CHRIST lay, with his mother the Virgin Mary.”

Now this was a very pretty account from such a little boy, and shewed he loved his book, or he would not have known so much.—Well says Billy, I think we can do no less than keep his birth-day, as you know we most of us keep our own.—Very true, says Tommy. but at the same time we ought to

C 5

take

take care that our mirth is innocent, we may eat roast beef, and plumb-pudding, with plenty of minced pies and other good cheer, and have a fine twelfth cake to chuse king and queen, without doing any harm to ourselves or any body else.—We may visit all our friends and acquaintance, and have them to see us, and join in many different harmless plays.—aye, that we will, says Billy, huzza! then they run to the rest of the lads, and all of them together gave a general holloo—huzza!

The next day some were fetched away in coaches, some in chaises, some on horseback, and others went in different stages; and a very agreeable sight it was to see them one by one take leave of his master, and receive proper instructions

instructions to behave themselves, and get the task assigned them while away, which they might easily do without hindering their pleasures.—Which we will leave them to pursue without entering any further on the subject, as a more particular account of Christmas diversions will be found in the poetical part of this work.



REMARKS ON

EASTER Holidays.

AFTER winter's dark and dreary season is over, the spring begins to advance ; when the grass springs up, and the buds and flowers appear again, giving us a pleasing prospect of summer, slowly advancing.

Youth is a proper emblem of spring, which is to grow up and be covered with learning ; blossoms, which in time will ripen into the choicest of fruit.

Easter holidays being come, all the young ladies and gentlemen at different schools are preparing to return to their friends for a little while, every one
having

having been as studious as possible to let them see how they have advanced in their education, that they might not think they had idled away their time, and put them to such expence for nothing.

The young gentlemen had written curious pieces on the occasion, and the young ladies had worked samplers and and other fine work, each striving to excel, that she might have the praise of her governess.

It is reasonable to suppose, that most young folks will enquire what the custom was for keeping Easter holidys?— But if they read the Scripture it will inform them, that our Blessed SAVIOUR arose again from the dead, after he had lain
lain

lain in the sepulchre three days, for he was crucified on Good Friday by the Jews, because they would not believe that he was the True CHRIST, but an Impostor, as they expected the Son of God would come in great splendor to reign over them, and be their king; and as he was born in a manger, and was always meek and lowly, they would not believe in him:—but the grave could not hold him long, he rose again and ascended into heaven, which is the reason we ought to rejoice, as he is now at the right hand of God making intercession for us.

Perhaps it may be said by some, there is no reason for children to leave their school at these holidays, as there is no plumb-pudding nor minced pies in season now, but what of that, there are
other

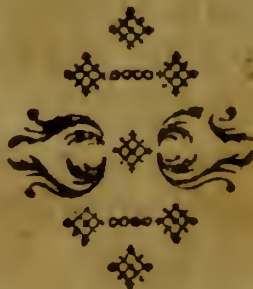
other things as good, but above all, the sight of one's parents and friends, is worth having a few holidays for.

Besides, when children are good and dutiful, and mind their learning, the least they can be indulged in is to break up four times a year, to take a little pleasure.

Therefore according to annual custom, we shall dismiss them a little while, hoping at the same time they will not forget to learn their tasks, that they may be received with pleasure by their master and governesses, when they come back again to school.

And now hey for home—away they drive, their friends meet them with open arms, and when they get home
present

present them with many pretty toys,
and take them abroad with them
where ever they go, and to be sure
they must be admired when they
have taken pains to make themselves
accomplished.



REMARKS

On WHITSUNTIDE.

THIS holiday took its name from White Sunday, a day, when according to antient custom, people used to put on white robes.

It was likewise the day of Pentecost, when the spirit descended like cloven tongues, as mentioned in the scripture.

And now for another breaking up time, and going to see friends; who would not strive hard to learn when they are at school, when they have so many opportunities of taking their pleasure.

Now

Now indeed is the pleasantest time of the year, the fields and gardens are in their highest beauty, the hay-makers are at work which is grateful to the sight and smell—oh how pleasant it is to walk among the cocks, or to sit down on them to rest when one is tired.

How delightful to the taste, at this season is the ripened fruit, and wholesome too, if eaten with discretion; but some children are so eager of it that they get a surfeit;—beware of that, as it has been fatal to many a pretty youth, therefore be careful, and make use of reason and moderation in all you do.

At this time likewise, most young people have new cloaths, and I would advise them to keep them as clean as possible

possible, that when they go back again to school, they may have the credit of them.

Some children are so slovenly or fluttish, that they can't wear any thing above a week before it is spoiled, but every young lady or gentleman should always appear clean and neat, and never tear their cloaths, unless by accident, which very seldom happens if they play at proper games.—But some are naturally so wild, they will not be under any restraint, but run and rant about so, that they tear their things off their backs, and their skin into the bargain.

However we shall say no more of this now, as they are going to enjoy

joy the Whitsun holidays, and we hope they will have a great deal of pleasure.

The Papas have provided hobby horses, and many other curious things for their sons, as they have heard a good account of them from their masters;—and the mammas have provided dolls and baby houses and other things for their little daughters, all is to be pleasure and happiness on every side.

These things are for the very young ones, those that are older and of consequence above such things, no doubt will meet with proper encouragement from their parents, as a reward of their well doing.

And

And now they are going to set out
I will take my leave of them, wishing
them a good journey, and a happy
meeting on all sides.





A
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OF
LETTERS

From Several PRETTY
MASTERS and MISSES,
TO THEIR
PARENTS:

BEING
A SPECIMEN of their FORWARDNESS in
LEARNING:

Now FIRST made PUBLIC,
For the IMITATION of OTHERS.

By TOMMY TELL-TRUTH.

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З Е М Л Я

О Б Л А С Т Ъ

З Е М Л Я

З Е М Л Я

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З Е М Л Я



Twelfth Night.



D E D I C A T I O N.

L E T T E R I.

To Sir T, TELL-TRUTH, Jun.

Worthy Sir,

YOUR constant attention to
 your learning, the sweet temper
 and amiable deportment in all
 things, has determined me to make
 choice of you for a Patron, to this
 collection of Juvenile Epistles, not
 doubting but you will recommend
 it to all your little Intimates, and
 likewise to your honoured Parents,
 D who,

who I dare say, will not be a little pleased at the perusal of some of these little performances, the hopes of which and pleasing you, first prompted me to this Publication. I am, SIR,

Your most dutiful,

and humble Servant,

T. TELL-TRUTH.



LETTER II.

To Sir WIDLIAM WORTHY,

Dear Sir,

THE time now draws nigh to
to that part of the year, so
pleasing to every good boy, I mean
Christmas; for then I shall have the
pleasure of beholding my dear Pa-
rents, which will be more pleasing
to me than all the joys of breaking
up, not but that affords a great deal
of mirth, such as burning the rod
breaking the ferule, and other par-
ticulars not worthy to mention, yet
all attended generally with repeated
shouts of applause; but amidst these
D 2 joys

joys, I have still a dread, lest you should think I have been of a truant disposition, yet can assure my dear Pappa and Mamma, I have not, my Master compliments me so far as to say I take my learning very fast, and that I shall be a good Scholar, I hope I shall prove his words true, not only for your satisfaction, but likewise for my own, as I must own, I have a great desire for knowledge; pray let me hear from you soon, and inform me how my dear Mamma and Sister and Brothers do, for I long to hear; I should like to hear from you every day, and since I am now grown capable of writing, I shall be always sending

sending to you, and hope you will
not think me impertinent; pray
accept of my duty to you and
Mamma, give my love to all friends,
and believe me, dear Pappa,

Your dutiful Son,

W. WORTHY.



LETTER

LETTER III.

TO THOMAS GOODWILL, Esq.

Dear Pappa,

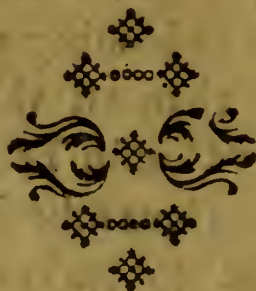
CHRISTMAS is now come,
 and to-morrow we shall embark
 to see our Parents, some one way,
 and some another ; some with light
 hearts, and some with heavy ; you
 may be surprized perhaps, to think
 that any should be reluctant to see
 their Friends and Parents ; but in-
 deed we have some very bad boys,
 who are so fond of play, that they
 will neglect their books, and if they
 can, get others to do their tasks ; I
 am

am quite ashamed of such things, and have never, thank God, been the least remiss in that article, or any other, incumbent on a good child, as I hope the Letters from my Master, and my own behaviour, when you see me, will convince you of; you will receive this not long before my arrival, when I shall have the happiness of beholding what is more dear to me than all the world, my Parents. My Cousin Tommy Gentle, desires to be remembered to you, as he is obliged to go another way; upon my word, Pappa, he is a very good boy, and is very fond of his book, and I dare say, will be a great satisfaction

satisfaction to his friends and relations, as he is to me.

Pray abcept of my duty,

T. GOODWILL,



LETTER IV.

To Mrs. LOVEWORTH.

Honoured Mamma,

I Have the pleasure to inform you, that I arrived safe at School on the 15th Instant, I must confess I was very melancholy all the Journey, after parting from my dear Mamma, and all those pleasing trifles I enjoyed during the Christmas Holidays; but though you are still uppermost in my thoughts, yet the manner I was received by my Governess, and the rest of my school acquaintance, has greatly alleviated my sorrows on that account; our evenings are taken up

with the relation of what has happened during our absence from each other, and I am not a little pleased to find my entertainment was not inferior to any of them; by their own accounts, Miss Kitty Wilful returned ill-humoured, the reason of which is, as far as I can learn, she was greatly chid for her neglect in learning; indeed she never minded any thing but toys and dress, nay, she could not bear to see any one better dressed than herself, and if it was in her power, would strive to injure them at any rate, such was her spirit of envy; thank God, I am not of that disposition, nor never shall I
 hope;

hope; those excellent lessons, which your example in life, as well as precepts to me, will always be sufficient to deter me from ever being proud, insolent, or vain. Pray excuse this tedious and unconnected epistle, and believe I am,

Your very dutiful Daughter,

JANE LOVEWORTH.



LETTER V.

TO SIR RICHARD WEALTHY.

Dear Sir,

SINCE I have left you and my honoured Mother, I have been extremely happy considering the want of your presence, which must be always dear to me; my former play-mates are pretty near all returned, and those that are absent we do not expect again, as when they were here they were so idle and such dunces as to be hated by the Master, and despised by all the rest of the school; Billy Fribble and Charles Bounce especially; indeed they were not fit to
be

among good boys, for they were for ever endeavouring to persuade the rest of the boys to come into their silly and idle ways, but they never yet drew me into their snare, and I am determined never shall; indeed I thought once their Friends were more kind to them than you to me, as they were always sending them money and presents, but I find such indulgences are only calculated to ruin, instead of being of service to young minds; my old school-fellow Master Fairdeal, has had an estate left him by his Uncle, from the good character he always heard of him,

from

from which I find your words are very true, That good behaviour rewards itself. Pray, Pappa, remember me to all Friends, and accept of my duty to Mamma and yourself,

and believe me sincerely your Son,

R. WEALTHY.

F I N I S.



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April
1943

A Lilliputian Poem

AN addition to the Library's collection of rare juveniles, *Childrens Holidays* [**H.99C.614], by Tommy Tell-Truth, printed for T. Turpin in London, is a characteristic specimen of the didactic entertainment with which little folk were regaled toward the end of the eighteenth century. The volume, following the style of the Newbery books, is little more than three by three inches in size. Two dainty copper-plate engravings illustrate a family celebration of New Year's Day and a merry Twelfth Night party.

On the fly-leaf is the inscription of the original owner, Miss Barnhurst of Birmingham, Warwickshire, with the date 1794. The book was probably printed in the 1770's.

Whoever the "poet" was who hid behind Tommy Tell-Truth, he was no Goldsmith. The verses are plain jingles, and the holiday pastimes of the good children are painted with no imagination. Yet the author managed to intersperse instruction on the religious significance of the festivals and some moral reflections. Here is one instance:

When Kings and Princes go to war,
What havock they do make,
They cut and hack it all about,
The world is but a cake.

The last feature of the volume is a "Collection of letters from several pretty Masters and Misses to their Parents." For goody-goodness these epistles could not be surpassed.

M. M.

Engravings by De Jode

PARVUS MUNDUS [**G.406.73] by Laurentius Haechtanus is a quarto volume printed probably at Mechlin in 1579 — both name and place appearing only at the end of the author's dedication to Duke Matthias, Primate of Belgium. The book consists of seventy-four Latin emblems, that is, narrative poems setting forth a moral, each occupying a page. The chief interest attaches to the series of copper engravings illustrating the poems, by Gerard de Jode, a prominent engraver and cartographer, who was born in Nymwegen about 1509 and died at Antwerp in 1591. It has been suggested that de Jode engraved his plates after the designs of Crispin (or Chrétien) van den Broeck, a painter active at Antwerp.

Little seems to be known about the author, but it appears from his preface that he was an ardent Catholic who deplored the inroads of the Reformation, as he wrote that "there is not . . . a corner of a Christian state in which this pest does not try to creep in secretly."

The title-page shows a man, the *microcosmos* or "little world," against a globe — the *macrocosmos* or "great world." The engravings illustrate the mythological themes of the poems, yet below each is a suitable quotation from the Bible. Thus the engraving that

